

The Two Mysteries.

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep
and still;

The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so
pale and chill:

The lid that will not lift again, though we
may call and call;

The strange white solitude of peace, that settles
over all.

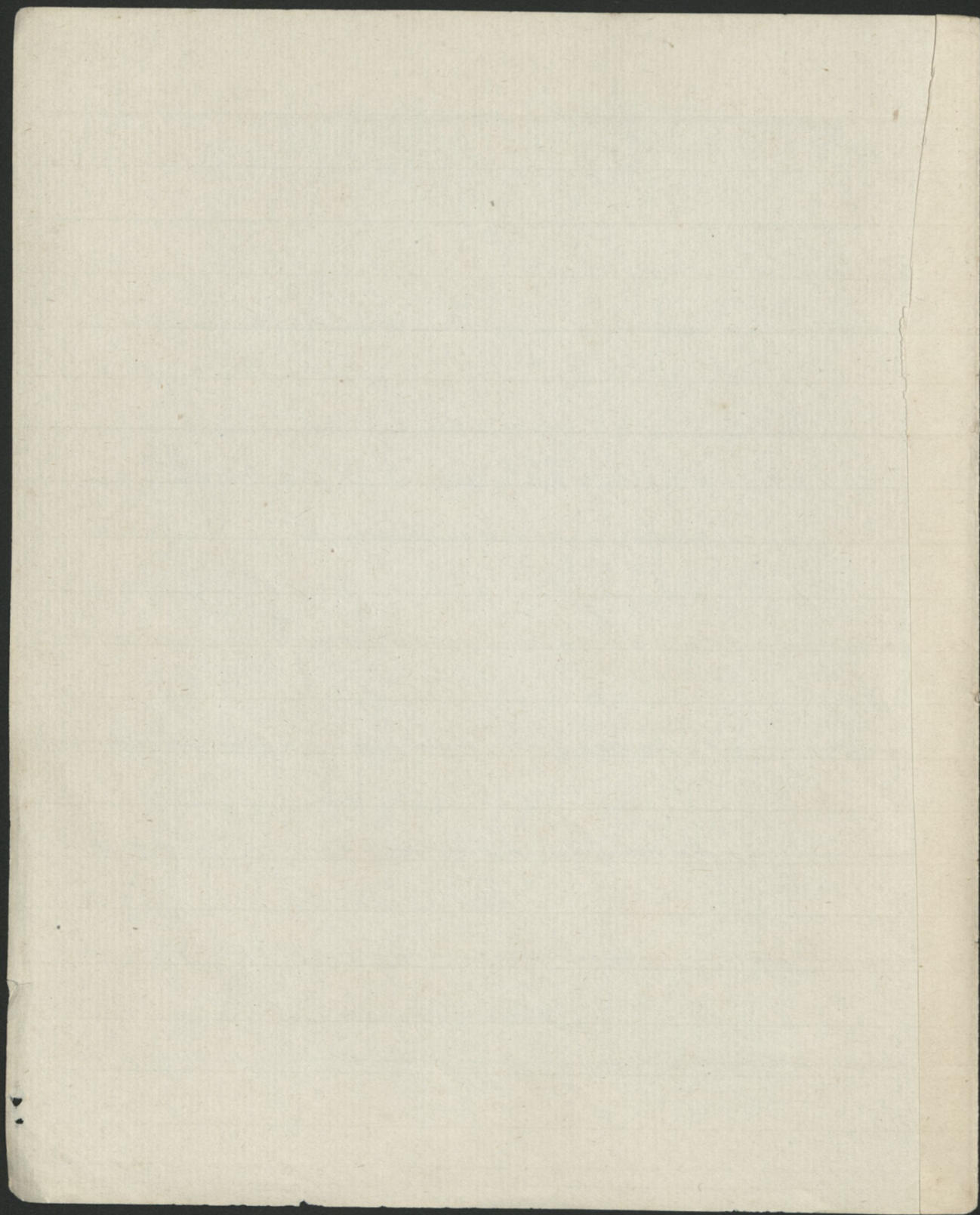
We know not what it means, dear, this desolate
heart-pain;

This dread to take our daily way, and walk in
it again.

We know not to what other sphere the loved who
leave us, go.

Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor
why we do not know.

But this we know, - our loved and dead, if they
should come this day -



Petit Chanson Picard.
Pale leaves wave and whisper low,
(Silver leaves of the Poplar tree)
Waters wander, and willows blow
In Picardy.

Misty green of the orchard grass,
Grass-grown lanes by the sedge-fringed sea,
Pleasant ways for the feet that pass
Through Picardy.

Here the youth on a blue May night,
Soft in his maiden's home steals he,
Binds a bough to the lintel's height
(Of dark fir-tree).

Gaston sighs for Bernadette!
(Sorrow to come? - or joy to be?)
This she knows by the token set
In secrecy.

Long legions where the lilies lie
(Blossoms and buds of ivory)
Sweet the meadows and fair the sky
In Picardy.

Where be the waters that drown regret?
Where be the leaves of Sleep's own tree?
Nowhere else in the world - nor yet
In Picardy!

To wander

The miller
Who in his

It was the

That hath
But would

This learn

That loth -
And never

Wandering.

To wander is the miller's joy -
To wander!

The miller must be good for naught
Who in his life hath never thought
To wander!

It was the water taught us this -
The water!

That hath no rest by night or day,
But would be wandering far away,
The water!

This learn we of the mill-wheels too,
The mill-wheels!

That loth to tarry still are found,
And never tire of turning round,
The mill-wheels!

The pebbles, heavy though they be,
The pebbles.

Must mingle in the merry race,
And would be first to leave the place,
The pebbles!

To wander! This is my desire —
To wander!

Good master mine! Good mistress, pray
Let me in quiet go my way,
And wander!

W. Müller.

What lover
The one who
The one who
In costly
Nay! no
For what
They are
Are they, a
Where love

Thou hast
No name
To give me
Not in the
Of daily life

And unto
What dream
That swift
Is given
A lesser

I

What love best his love doth prove and show?
 The one whose words are swiftest, love to state?
 The one who measures out his love by weight
 In costly gifts which all men see and know?
 Nay! words are cheap and easy: they may go
 For what men think them worth; or soon or late
 They are but air. And gifts? Still cheaper rate
 Are they, at which men barter to and fro
 Where love is not!

(One thing remains, Oh Love,
 Thou hast so seldom seen it on the earth,
 No name for it has ever sprung to birth;
 To give one's own life up, one's love to prove,
 Not in the martyr's death, but in the dearth
 Of daily life's most wearing daily groove.

II

And unto him, who this great thing hath done,
 What does great love return? No speedy joy!
 That swift delight which beareth large alloy
 Is guerdon Love bestows on him who won
 A lesser trust: the happiness begun

In happiness, of happiness may cloy.
And, its own subtle foe, itself destroy.
But steadfast, tireless, quenchless as the Sun,
Soth grow that gladness which harts root in pain.
Earth's common griefs assail this soul in vain.
Great Love himself, too poor to pay such debt,
Soth borrow God's great peace, which passeth yet
All understanding. Hail tenfold again
Is found the life laid down without regret.

Kindly m
Waste not
Let a stre
And meekly

Sick and
Words that
Take the
Language m

Let them be
Like waves
That I may
Drift on the

Kindly watcher by my bed, lift no voice in prayer,
Waste not any words on me, when my hour is nigh!
Let a stream of melody but flow from some sweet
And meekly will I lay my head, and fold my hands ^{in prayer,} to ^{the} air.

Sick am I of idle words, fast all reconciling,
Words that weary and perplex, and wander and conceal;
Take the sounds that cannot lie, for all their sweet
Language one need fathom not, but only hear and ^{be} feel.

Let them roll once more to me, and ripple in my hearing
Like waves upon some lonely beach, where no craft anchoreth,
That I may steep my soul therein, and craving naught
Drift on through slumber to a dream, and ^{no} ^{flashing} ^{things}
a dream, to death.

George Du Maurier.

Appeal.

O Love, whom I so love, in this sore strait
Of thine, fall not! Below thy very feet
I kneel, so much I reverence thee, so sweet
It is to every pulse of mine to wait
Thy lightest pleasure, and to bind my fate
To thine by humblest service. Incomplete
All Heaven, Love, if there thou dost not greet
Me, with perpetual need, which I can rate,
I and no other! So I dare to pray
To thee this prayer: It is not wholly prayer.
The solemn worship of the ages lay
Even on God a solemn bond. I dare -
Thy worshipper, thy holy, loving mate, -
I dare to say, O Love, thou must be great!
Heben Hunt Jackson.

The partway of
Seems like a
Whose upsurge
With rough, un-
Strains spite
Benighted.
Thy help to clear
What all men know
And though I do
Whom other
Still is my life
And does
As from some
Left wandering

Love,

The pathway of my life, since thou art gone,
Seems like a dusty and exposed highway
Whose upward stretching, weary length is sowed
With rough, uneven places. The bright sun
Streams fitfully down; shade there is none.
Perilous, dizzy, instinctively I turn
Thy help to claim. Ah! have I yet to learn,
What all men know, — that I must walk alone?

And though I am a woman in my years,
Whom others turn to for the help I seek,
Still is my troubled heart full of vague fears
And desolate distress; ebb from me break,
As from some child, with sense of dread defeat,
Left wandering in an unknown public street.
R. C. in Spectator.

Appeal.

O Love, whom I so love, in this sore strait
Of thine, fall not! Below thy very feet
I kneel, so much I reverence thee, so sweet
It is to every pulse of mine to wait
Thy lightest pleasure, and to bind my fate
To thine by humblest service. Incomplete
All Heaven, Love, if there thou dost not greet
Me, with perpetual need which I can rate,
I and no other! So I dare to pray
To thee this prayer: It is not wholly prayer.
The solemn worship of the ages lay
Even on God a solemn bond. I dare -
Thy worshipper, thy holy, loving mate, -
I dare to say, O Love, thou must be great!
Helen Hunt Jackson.

The fraction
Seems to
Whose up
With right
Stu and
Bewild
thy help to
What all m
And though
Whom
Atill is m
And d
As from
Left hand

Love,

The pathway of my life, since thou art gone,
Seems like a dusty and exposed highway
Whose upward stretching, weary length is sowed
With rough, uneven places. The bright sun
Shines pitilessly down; shade there is none.
Perilous, dizzy, instinctively I turn
Thy help to claim. Ah! have I yet to learn,
What all men know, — that I must walk alone?

And though I am a woman in my years,
Whom others turn to for the help I seek,
Still is my troubled heart full of vague fears
And desolate distress; eke from me break,
As from some child, with sense of dear defeat,
Left wandering in an unknown public street.
R. C. in Spectator.

India,

Still raises her yearning vision to the ^{ground} laws,
Florence Earle Coates.

reme.

time.

creeps.

Sweep

team —

that seem,

received in sleep,

name.

found of time

nothing was

me —

from the

ground

to the laws,

tes.

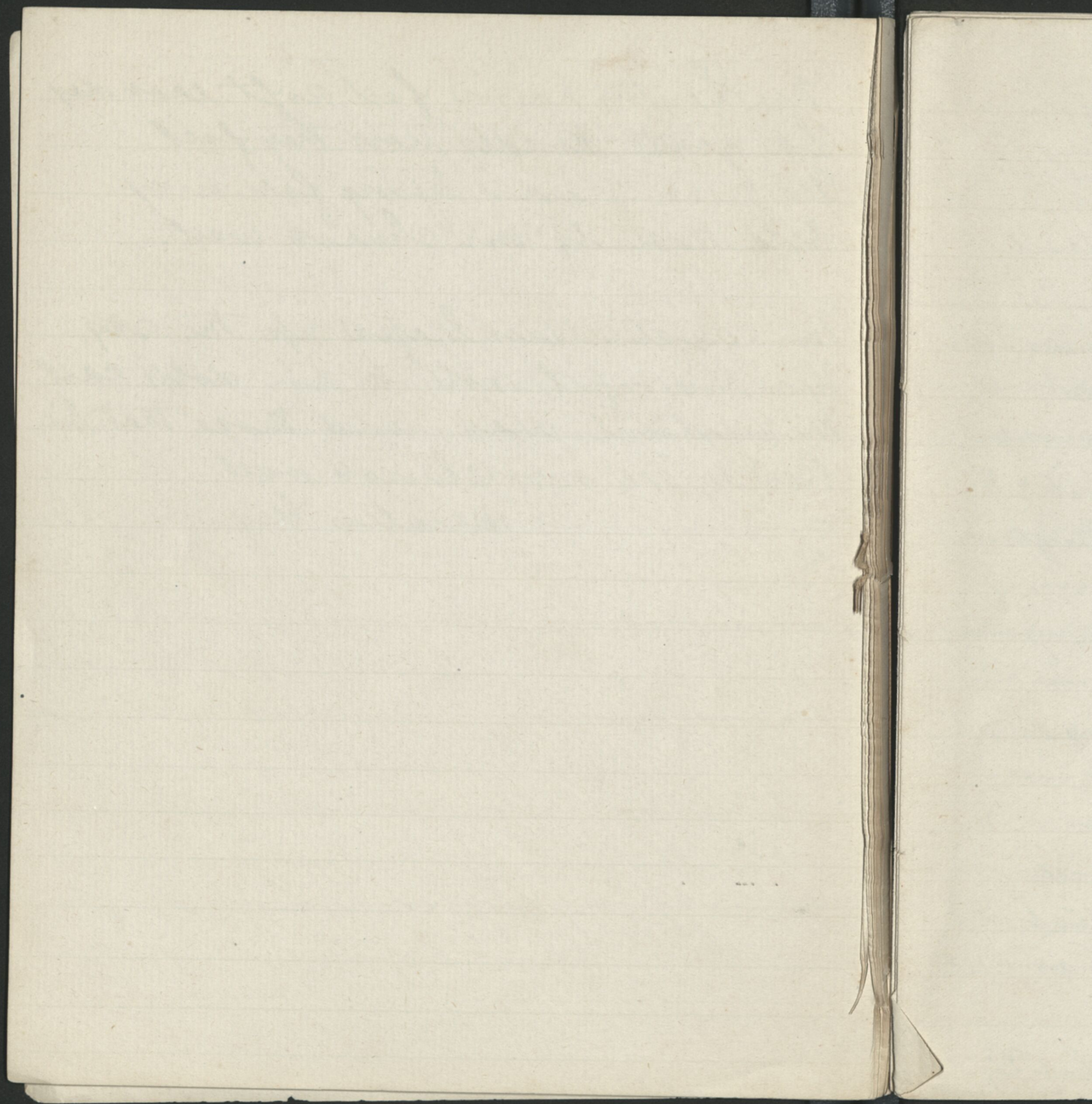
The Lev
Like gent
An friend
And thro

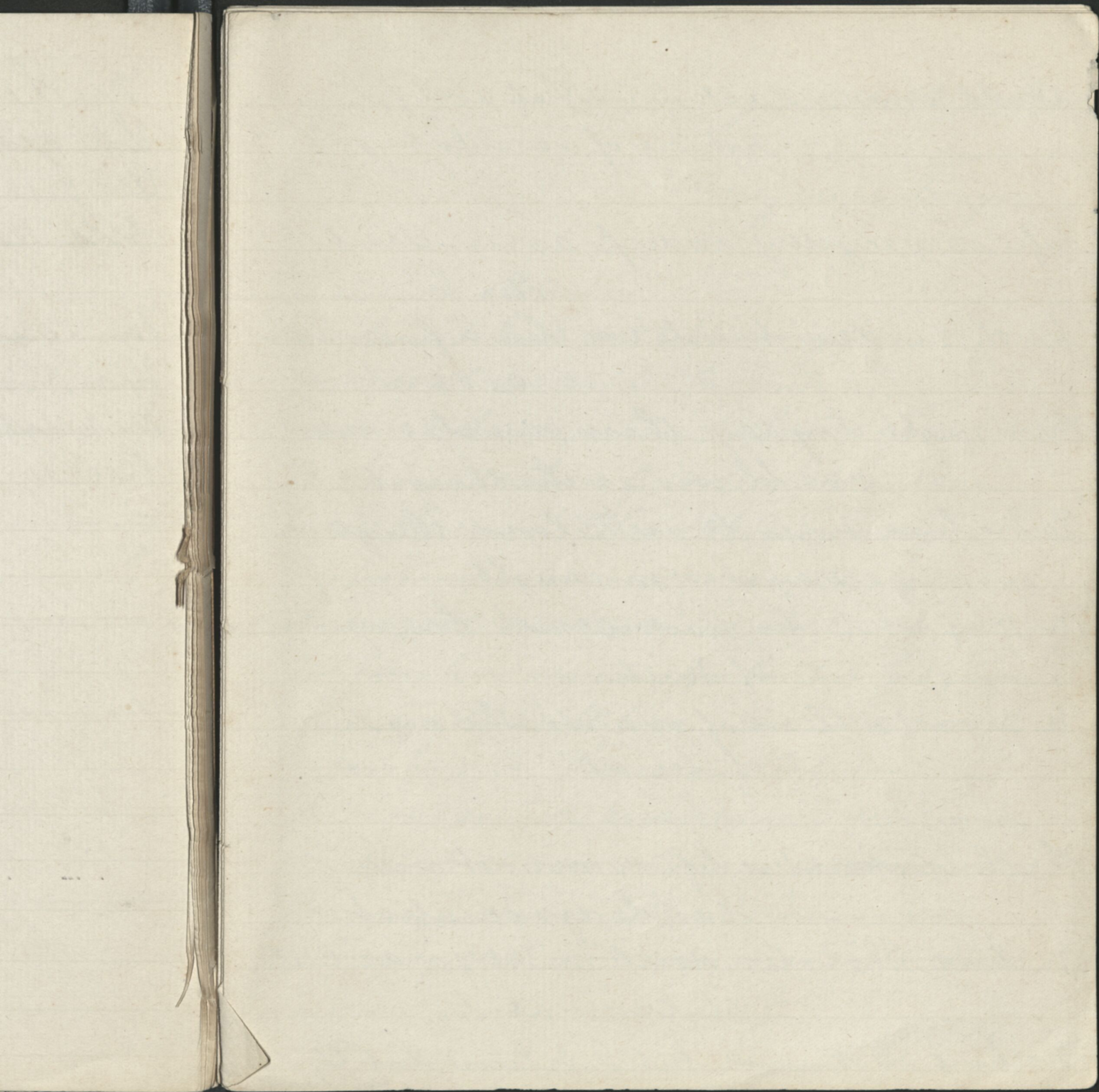
The East
His th
The dista
Beside m

The Lenten rains fall soft each day,
Like gentle kindly tears they fall
On green grass lying far away
And those by our church wall.

The Easter Sun leaps up the sky,
His trumpet note to life doth call
The distant dead, and those that lie
Beside our own church wall.

Hercules Hay.





Shuld come and ask us, "What is Life?"
not one of us could say.

Life is a mystery as deep as ever death
can be,

Yet oh, how dear it is to us, this life we live
and see!

Then might they say, these vanished ones.—
and blessing is the thought;

"So Death is sweet to us, Beloved! though we
may show you naught.

We may not to the quick reveal the mystery
of Death, —

Ye cannot tell us, if ye would, the mystery
of breath."

The child who enters life comes not with
knowledge or intent.

So those who enter death must go, as little
children sent.

Nothing is known, but I believe that God is
overhear

And as life is to the living, so death is to
the dead!

Mary Mapes Dodge.

Sorrow.

Sorrow came to him with a pleading face;

He would not rise and bid her enter in;

She seemed to claim in him too large a space,

And he was careless, full of mirth and sin.

So passed the month. Then it chanced one day,

When Autumn's wind in woods was making moan.

Again did gentle sorrow find that way.

And heard him mourning for his love has flown.

So once again she sought him. Richer, wiser,

He bade her enter. Then, with stately mien

She passed and took possession like a queen,

And seemed not sorrow, but a joy subdued;

Bringing a shadow, yet, as shadows are,

A blessing, cast from some great light afar.

A. E. B.

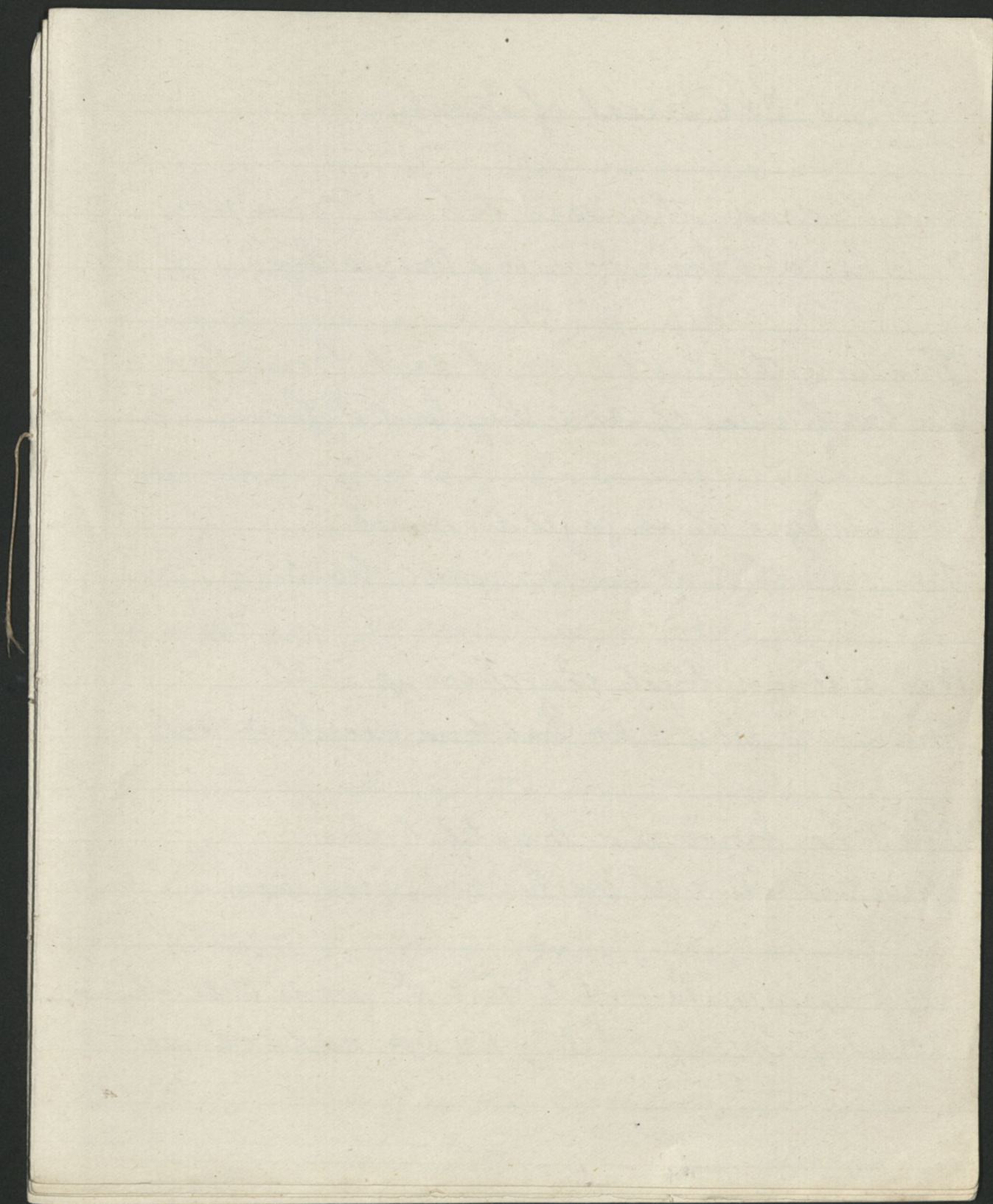
Spectator.

The wind had from the almond flung
Red blossoms round her feet,
On hazel-boughs the catkins hung,
The willow-blossoms grew sweet—
Palm-millons, fragrant with the spring, she said,
He always found the first,— but he is dead:

Right golden was the clover flame,
And, touched with purest green,
The small white flower of stainless name
Above the ground was seen.
He used to love the white and gold, she said,
The snow-drops come again,— but he is dead.

I would not wish him back, she cried,
In this dark world of pain;
For him the joys of life abide,
For me its griefs remain.
I would not wish him back again, she said,
But Spring is hard to bear, now he is dead.

Annie Matheson.



The Secret of Death.

"She is dead" they said to him "Come away—
Kiss her and leave her, thy love is clay."

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair;
On her forehead of stone, they laid it fair:

Over her eyes, which gazed too much,
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet, thin lips that had secrets to tell:

About her brows and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage lace.

And drew on her white feet the white silk shoes,—
Which were the whiter, no eye could choose.

And over her bosom they crossed her hands—
"Come away" they said, "God understands!"

But there was a silence, and nothing there
But silence, and scents of eglantiers,

And jasmine and roses, and rosemary,
And they said "As a lady should lie, lies she."

And they held their breath as they left the room,
With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,

He lit his lamp, and took the key
And turned it. Alone again, — he and she!

He and she; yet she would not speak
Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet
Cheek.

He and she; yet she would not smile,
Though he called her the names she loved ere while.

He and she; still she did not move
To any passionate whisper of love.

Then he said 'cold lips, and breast without breath,
Is there no voice, no language of death! —

Mute to the ear, and still to the sense,
But to heart and soul, distinct, intense?

See now: I will listen with soul not ear;
What was the secret of dying, dear?

Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life's flowers fall?

Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?

Was the miracle deeper, to find how deep
Beyond all dreams, sank downwards that sleep?

Did Life roll back its record, Dear,
And show as they say it does, past things clear?

O perfect dead! O dead most clear!
I hold the breath of my soul to hear!

I listen as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as to Heaven, and you do not tell!

There must be a pleasure in dying, Rovers,
To make you so placid, from head to feet.

I would tell you darling, if I were dead,
And I were your hot tears upon my brow shed,

I would say, though the Angel of Death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes
Which, of all death's, was the chief surprise;

The very strangest and suddenest thing,
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Oh, foolish world! Oh most kind dead!
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe that he heard her say,
With a sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way?

"The utmost wonder is this - I hear,
And see you, and love you and kiss you, dear;

And am your Angel who was your bride,
And know that though dead, I have never died!"

Edwin Arnold

Epilogue.

At the midnight, in the silence of the sleep time,

When you set your fancies free:

When you pass to where, — by death, fools think,

imprisoned —

How he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,
pity me?

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken:

What had I on earth to do

With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?

Like the aimless, hopeless, helpless, did I
arrive

Being — who?

One who never turned his back, but marched
breast forward,

Never doubting chaos would break;

Never dreamed, though right were wasted,

ming would triumph,

Heels we fall to rise, are baffled to fight
better,

Sleep to wake.

No, at Monday, in the bustle of man's work-time

Greet the unseen with a cheer,

Bid him forward, breast and back, and as
either should be,

Strive and thrive, cry "Spurs! fight on, fare ever
there as here!"

R. P.

Her who do
This to con

Loving

Pale and

And you

weeping

I can see

I can see

Yet I see

I am not

Please you

It was

Thus from

For its

Is a husk

Is a jar

Is a cage

Like a

After Dark in Arabia,
He who died at Azim sends
This to comfort all his friends;

Loving friends! It lies I know
Pale and white and cold as snow,
And ye say "Abdallah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers,
Yet I smile and whisper this—
I am not the thing you kiss,
Cease your tears, and let it lie,
It was mine, it is not I!

Kind friends, what the women have
For its last bed of the grave,
Is a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which at last,
Like a bird my soul hath passed.

Love the inmate, not the room,
The wearer, not the garb— the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
That kept him from those splendid stars!

Humble friends, be wise and dry
Straightway every weeping eye!
What ye left upon the bier
Is not with a weeping tear.

'Tis an empty sea-shell, - one
Out of which the pearl hath gone.
The shell is broken; it lies there.
The pearl, the soul, the all - is here.
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
Allah seals, the while it lies
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loves him, let it lie -
Let the shards be earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in his store.

Allah
Now
Now
Get ye
While

In
Lies
By the
But
Of un
In
Lies

There
Where

I am
A mo
When
Ye will
Ye will

hume
ndis Stars!
ry
e,
e,
here.
e -
ore,
ore.

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood,
Now the long, long wonder ends,
Get ye neef, my erring friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss instead,
Lives and loves you. - Lost it's true,
By that light that shines for you,
But by the light ye cannot see,
Of unfulfiller felicity,
In enlarging Paradise,
Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell friends! Yet not farewell,
Where I am, ye too shall dwell.

I am gone before your face,
A moment's mirth, a little space:
When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know by true love taught.

That here is all, and there is naught.

Wipe awhile, if ye are fair;

Sunshine still must follow rain;

Only not at death - for death,

Now we know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life centre.

Be ye certain, all secure love,

Views from Allah's throne above;

Be ye stout of heart, and come

Bravely onward to your home!

La - il Allah! Allah la!

Ah Love divine! Ah Love always!

He who dies at Azim gave

This to those who made his grave.

Edwin Arnold.

Only to touch

Only once

Only to

Through the

Halls between

Where the

Our granted

That turns in

So from the

So from the

The wailing for

Goes up to Heaven

As soft as

"For this I have

plut.

The Dead.

Only to touch once more the "vanished hand,"
Only once more the silence broke to hear,
Only to know the hovering shade is near!
Though the blank veil, no man can understand,
Halls between us, and the mysterious land
Where they are dwelling whom we hold so dear,
Our granted prayer would crush the doubt, the
That turns in sorrow's core the bitterest ^{fear} shame;
So from the vigil of the shrouded dead,
So from the grave with all its tender flowers,
The wailing from the hearts uncomfited,
Goes up to Heaven through all life's lonely home,
As soft as dew, the answer from above,
"For this I lived, I died, whose name is Love."

"Life, I repeat, is energy of Love,
Divine or human; exercised in pain,
In strife and tribulation, and ordained,
If so approved and sanctified, to pass
Through shades and silent rest, to endless joy"
Macaulay.

"When some beloved voice that was to you
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,
And silence against which you dare not cry,
Aches round you like a strong disease and new—
What hope? What help? What music will undo
That silence to your sense?"

E. B. Browning.

"So, to the world return, nor fear to cast
Thy bread upon the waters, sure at last
In joy to find it after many days.
The work be thine, the fruit thy children's part,
Chose to believe, not see; Right tempts the heart
From sober walking in true Gospel ways."

Keller.

"Not because

Are more rare

But because

Has been seen

That it leads

So I take you

"Not because the earth is fairer, and the skies
spread above you
Are more radiant for the shining of your eyes
that I love you!"

But because this human love, though true and
sweet - yours and mine,
Has been sent by Love more tender, more complete,
more divine;

That it leads our hearts to rest ^{at last} in Heaven, far
above you;

So I take you as a gift that God has given, - and
I love you.

A. A. Proctor.

Trust.

Within the slender chalice of thy hand
"Hold fast what I give thee," and drop down, too,
The fringes of those tender flowers of blue,
Thy wondering eyes; now question me withstood
What I may give. Perchance my love hath planned
Some sweet surprise, or test if thou be true.
What if it be a sprig of bitterest rue;
A strange swift summons to an unknown land;
A hunting thorn; a cross? - rare gifts, I know -
For love to bring; but wouldst thou trust me still?
Quick, dear, thine answer! "I should trust until
The hidden meaning in thy gift should show."
Ah, sweet, when God sends just such gifts to thee,
Canst thou not answer him as thou dost me?

May Riley Smith.

Love is eternal

But seeing

unto the my

The maker men

that love is char

Holding on the

It can the sub

And in the he

Not every heart

A great man

Always from o

Know, when

that Love is tra

Not of dead

Eternal.

Love is eternal, so the strong souls say,
But seeing how hard life doth give thee lie
Unto the mighty woes with snare or sigh,
The maker may cry out in sad dismay
That love is changeful as an April day,
Holding within itself no strength whereby
It can the subtle shapes of time defy,
And in the heart of man abide alway.

Not every heart is great enough to hold
A great immortal tenant. Love hath fled
Always from natures narrow, weak and cold.
Know, when by secret lips you hear it said
That Love is traitor, that the truth is told
Not of dear Love, but of that soul misled.
Charlotte Perry.

" Hold Thou my hands!
In grief and joy, in hope and fear,
And let me feel that Thou art near,
Hold Thou my hands!

If ever by doubts
Of thy good fatherhood depressed,
I cannot find Thee in my rest,
Hold Thou my hands!

Hold Thou my hands!
These passionate hands so quick to cringe
These hands so eager for delight -
Hold Thou my hands!

And when at length,
With darkened eyes and fingers cold,
I seek some last loved hand to hold
Hold Thou my hands! "

Eng. Magazine